Preserved In

She first saw him at the Sounds of the Underground show. She was 15. He was 23. She couldn't stop staring at him. It was like he and the diminutive woman standing next to him were royalty undercover the way they stood apart from the crowd while clearly enmeshed in it, an invisible force field bubble keeping others that weren't invited in at bay a few steps. People would get their attention first by waving, then traverse the fairground to engage in complicated secret handshakes and hugs, then trail off like pinballs against an automatic bumper, having been blessed and approved by these two rock'n'roll demigods disguised.

After studying the spectacle, she had come to the conclusion that he was the hottest man she'd ever seen and that she wanted badly to be standing next to him. The woman that was standing next to him, a very short one with comically huge breasts, was not with him that way, the way she wanted to be with him, she was sure. The relationship they projected was more familial, like a brother and sister, though one would have to observe as she had been with investigative eyes and purpose to discern this. They stood close and touched each other often, his vertically challenged friend even digging her hand in his pants pockets to extricate a cassette case with a joint in it - which they smoked in their force field bubble while the milling ruminants rooted oblivious - but their contact wasn't sexual.

That alone made him mysterious and otherworldly. She'd never seen a man who was obviously heterosexual behave as a platonic friend with a female who was obviously heterosexual and not related to him, unless perhaps by convoluted adoption.

As they lit a second joint while Evergreen Terrace played, she watched in fascination as the camouflaged patron saints of the San Antonio art scene laughed and stared at each other in the eyes, turning their backs on the enveloping crowd and closing their invisible force field to outsiders, who acted like they could smell marijuana but had no idea the couple they were standing right next to who weren't in any outward way attempting to conceal their efforts were the source.

[For a friend, who I'll most likely never see again.]

Thank you for reading, as always.

That was a great show. GWAR, Cannibal Corpse, In Flames, As I Lay Dying, Dragonforce, Trivium.

I got a Metal Blade compilation CD that introduced me to Amon Amarth and others.

Lost my glasses. Launched at least a hundred people to crowd surf with an unnamed assistant.

Good times.

It has been a long time since good times.